

Last Ones Out

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Summary: These SPARTANS are the last five of their platoon and are defending Swordbase however they can. With all odds against them, can they survive? Rated: T for Minor Coarse Language. My first story and it's a one shot that i have more chapters of but i will see how it turns out before i post the others. All Chars. are OC's.

1. Chapter 1

****Chapter 1****

****Are They Even Coming Back?****

"We're the last five," said Morrison.

"Then let's go out with a bang," finished Miller, as they looked out at the horizon and noticed a fleet of transport ships being escorted by 5-8 Phantoms.

"How many of them do you think are being carried?" asked Pvt. Flynn.

"At least a dozen each," replied Wazowski.

"Son of a bitch," said Flynn, a little more than disgruntled.

"Looks like we got our work cut out for us," quipped Zero.

"Let's give 'em hell boys!" Wazowski cheered.

The 501st platoon geared up as the enemy ships came closer and closer. The survivors were knocked down to their knees by a large blast and they realized that the fleet was now docking and dropping off the troops.

"Nothing we can't handle, right guys?" Miller asked jokingly, he masked his worry with nonchalance. He knew how wrong he was.

****A/N: If I decide to add more chapters they will probably be really short like this one because i am a terrible and slow writer.****

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2 4 Weeks Earlier****

Dr. Halsey approached the platoon with a manila folder. She dropped the folder on a desk nearby and pictures of Swordbase Alpha started to spill out.

"So as you know noble team will be making their way through Swordbase, they need someone to help keep it locked down or else the covenant can get the jump on them."

"I guess we could look into it," said Morrison, leadership just radiated off of him, the marines could look to him for guidance, not that they did. He was always trying to keep the others out of too much trouble.

"I know you guys are the ones who could accomplish such a task with ease," She complemented.

"I wouldn't mind getting out to shoot a couple of covenant fuckers," said Miller, the biggest guy in the room. Many of the marines feared him 'cause they knew he could break an elite's spine like a twig.

"You couldn't hit a fucking target from more than 20 feet away!" shouted a daring enough marine from across the room.

"As long as I got my baby here I could take out anything," retorted Miller as he was holding his minigun, named Trisha, so tenderly as if it were a child needing attention every fifteen minutes. He noticed a nick on the hull and all of the marines in the room saw his face glow with rage.

"WHO THE FUCK TOUCHED TRISHA?!" Miller yelled. The Marines ran out as fast as they could for they know someone was going to get hurt if they stayed in that room any longer. Wazowski, a slender woman with an hourglass figure and goggles on her head, hit him on the back of the head and said to him "Calm down I'll fix it." They walked into another room of the platoon's barracks which was Wazowski's workshop while Miller was sobbing over the damage of his beloved. Morrison and Halsey were alone in the room now discussing the information they had on the mission.

"So we go in after Noble team leaves right?"

"Yes, and you hold down the fort until they return."

Just then Flynn, an average looking Joe, who wasn't average at all, and Zero, who almost no one knew anything about, walked into the barracks with snacks from the vending machine where they had previously been. They hopped onto their respective bunks and began chatting away.

Morrison called to them "Get ready 'cause we are taking up another

mission."

"Aww man, another one?" Flynn complained, he was the lazy one, but he knew how to get shit done.

"Be careful with the bastards that use our weapons against us," Zero warned.

"Oh come on you really can't believe that can you?" the other protested.

"Hey, I saw a firefight in Hemorrhage and the elites were using our sniper rifles."

"Whether or not they use our guns, we are still taking up that mission," interrupted Morrison

"Goddammit, I don't wanna leave here"

"Because you're too lazy to do anything else, huh?" Zero teased.

"Yea that's right, but you know damn well I could fight those covenant bastards myself."

"Will both of you just shut up for a sec-" Morrison was interrupted by Wazowski and Miller coming out of the workshop with tears still in Miller's eyes.

>"Thanks Doc.," he said to Wazowski as he hugged the hulking beast of a weapon.<p>

"What took you guys so long?" Morrison Inquired

"The big guy kept getting in my way it would've been only five minutes if he hadn't been bawling the whole time."

Morrison realized that the marines started to come back into the room and Halsey, who had left the manila folder on the table, was nowhere to be seen.

"_She must've gone back to her office," _Morrison thought. Still, he couldn't get the thought of an elite killing him with his own rifle out of his head. He shuddered just at the thought. He wondered why Halsey only selected their platoon. The five were the only SPARTANS in their platoon and Morrison was the superior so he would have to tell the marines that they were leaving in only a few weeks.

End
file.